

gift for a friend

by Demonic Mello

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Summary: This is a gift for a friend I made I was sure I lost it so now Here we go. The story goes Mello finds his ex girlfriend who he was sure was dead. He still has to catch kira while trying to feel out if the feelings changed or not. Ayame is not my character but please don't criticize her calling her a marry sue. Not that she has powers anyways. T for now

gift for a friend

The world changed. No one else could feel it but I could. It was years since my favorite girl left the orphanage. I thought she was dead. There on the streets while I was walking in the rain, in jeans rather than my leather, was blond fading into black.

I went to see it. It was a girl on the street. "Hey, you ok?" I asked her as I knelt. I could see her eyes were closed. Her breath was kinda of like sleeping but fitfully sleeping. I couldn't help picking her up. I felt like I found a fallen angel. My breath hitched. Is this her? I thought and put my hand on her chest. I was feeling a heart beat and I felt my walls crumble. "Accuracy?" I whispered in question.

I then listened to her breathing. I then did something I'd never do if she was awake: pull down the stockings. I saw the scars. "Boy, did heaven jip you," I said putting the stockings back up and held her head to my chest. It still told me this was her. it was time to get her out of the rain.

I then took her into the mafia building; I had only been there for half a year, and I was already making enemies but also securing my place of power. I could afford a female of my own, and no man would be allowed to touch her. I hoped she still harbored those feelings for me that I still have for her. "Hey, Mello," called Rod. I nodded to him in greeting.

"Woah, Mello, did you kill a girl?" asked one of my men; I didn't bother remembering his name. "No, she died long ago," I replied to take her to hospital bed that was for our wounded. "Oh, ewwww, what are you going to do, Frankenstein her?" he asked again. "No, I think Kira can hurt angels. Or, she was kidnapped and escaped, despite me thinking she was dead," I replied, undressing her. She grew more womanly. She was what, twenty one now? However, both of us grew, or I wouldn't have been able to control myself as I stripped her, and started cleaning her was skinnier than I remembered, paler, and more bruised too.

I was glad she didn't have any more scars that wouldn't heal. "If she was dead, how long would she have been dead?" asked rod as I was bandaging her. I then sighed as I unzipped my vest and dressed her in that. I'd get her something to cover her bottom. I then took her back into my arms. It was harder to control now. All thanks to me missing a shirt. "She would have been dead five to six years," I replied carrying her to my room.

I had to concentrate on other things besides our history, and how much my male hormones were screaming to take her. I mean, she was my girl; I had her as my girlfriend since I was thirteen. A horny thirteen year old. I didn't do it with her, but I knew exactly how to reenact something I saw and sex I saw lots of.

I put her on my bed and closed my eyes. \*\*We were young. I think six maybe. Matt and her had been friends for a month before I got it out of him that he had another friend. When she came, I didn't remember her, but when we met, I made sure not to forget her. I remember she was in a skirt, and a light blouse with white silk stockings\*\*. \*\*She was semi-shy, but she was smart, because we both told our ranks as a custom. We then played on the swings and became best friends since.\*\*

It was was when I was eleven or twelve that I started crushing on her hard. I was nervous then, and I'm nervous now bringing her to my messy room; but it wasn't so messy that you couldn't avoid the wrappers. I was nervous, because what if the feelings died when she did? What if she had amnesia? I had nothing to trigger her memory, I looked so different.

Even down there was bigger. Not that I wasn't big when I was a teen, but now, I had a monster in my pants. I was more muscular and taller, my voice was a bit more mature. I know I'd kiss better. ...Would I still taste the same?

End  
file.